

PS

3511

.O394P<sub>3</sub>

1901



Class PS3511

Book 0394P3

PRESENTED BY

1901





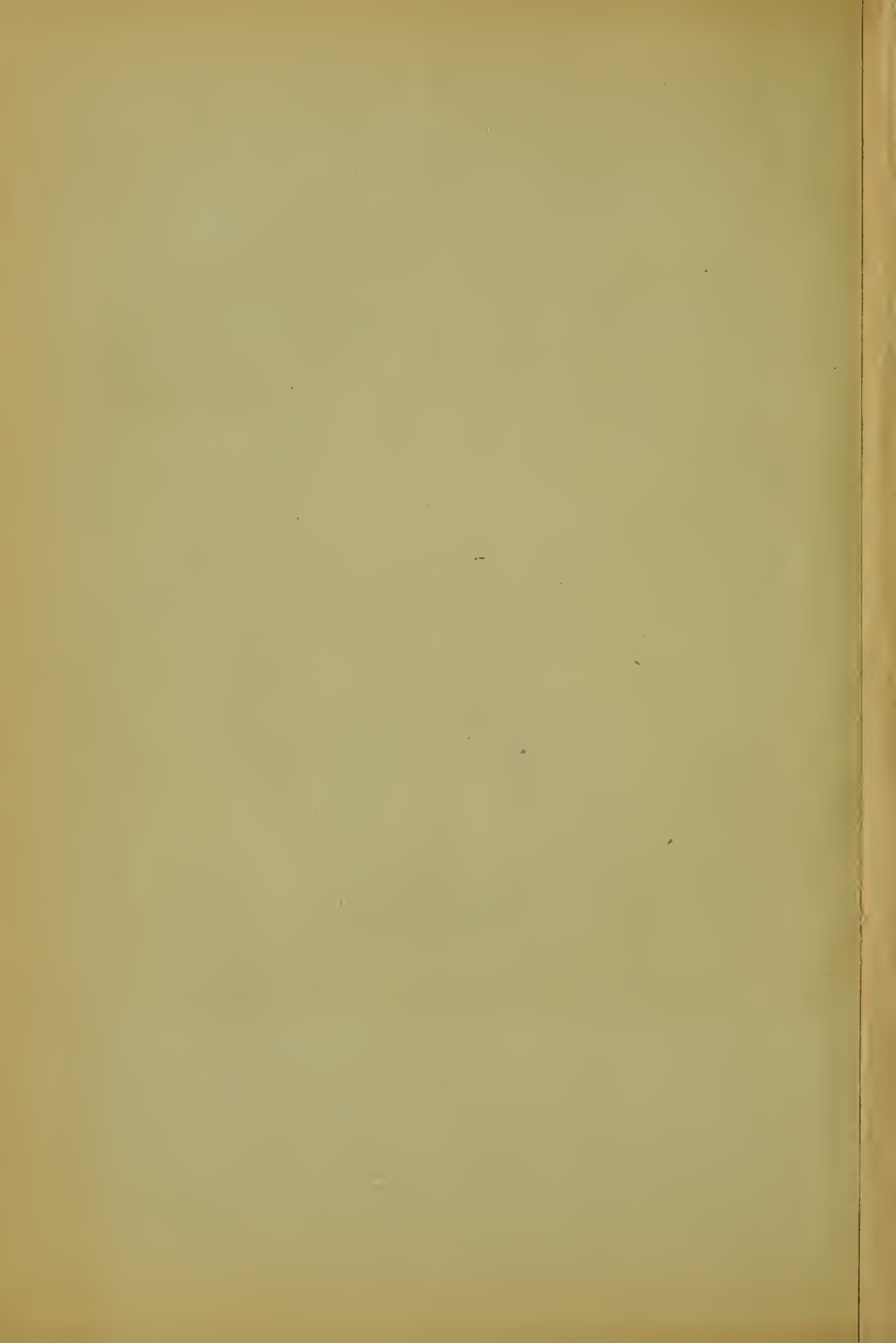




No. 11.

# THE PALM DOVE'S SONG







207  
1776

# THE PALM DOVE'S SONG.



Ford, Mrs. Edna C. Hillier

Los Angeles, R. Y. Mc Bride

Presented to Congregational Library.  
July 27. 1922,

Edna Hillier Ford.

PS3511  
O394P3  
1901

COPYRIGHT 1901, M. CLIMENA.



Gift-  
Earna Hillier Ford  
Aug 1 1922

C. 9 115. 1922

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

---

THE DOVE'S IDENTITY.

THE DOVE'S GENEALOGY AND MISSION.

THE MAN ALONE IN EDEN.

ADAM'S FALL.

ADAM'S CARES.

GRAY DOVE'S STORY OF THE MAN CUBS.

ADAM'S SONG TO HIMSELF REFLECTED IN THE  
LAKE.

ADAM'S WAITING.

THE COMING OF EVE.

RED DOVE'S SONG TO THE PASSION VINE.

SLEEPY MOCKING BIRD'S SONG.

EPILOGUE.



## PROLOGUE.

---

The world of men, in truth;  
    Too busy is;  
The world of books, too full  
    Of heresies;  
The world of thought, does deal  
    In specialties;  
                    “What shall we do?”

Believe the best, of course,  
    Of busy man;  
Seek the foundation-stone,  
    In every plan;  
The light has run in lines  
    Since time began.  
                    “To God be true.”



THE  
DOVE'S IDENTITY.





## SONG.

---

The Palm Dove flew from Paradise,  
And with him flew his mate,  
Their hearts were bound with the life of Man,  
And bound with his, their fate.

Mankind went forth from Paradise,  
But was with life content;  
The Doves flew fast the earth around,  
They were with message sent.

The Man thought not of Eden-land,  
Shut out from all its bloom;  
And in the cares of earthly life,  
Forgot his first, best home.

A Palm Dove came to Man again  
Its message all untold;  
And Man knew not, and the Dove forgot  
The need of the message old.

The Man wrought hard success to win,  
The Dove did mute remain;  
Until the time of the telling was,  
It could not sing again;

As frightened child on errand sent,  
 Each time it tried to tell  
 Some angel seemed to hush its voice,  
 Or demon, sent from Hell;

At last, again it caught the thought  
 And then flew near and far;  
 But no one heeding when it spoke,  
 Its message told in air.

One soul alone caught what it told;  
 "It shall sing again," said he,  
 "It shall see the face of Him it loves,  
 "And Man from sin help free."

"It shall know the power of Sin is gone;  
 "And, Man redeemed again,  
 "It then in Paradise shall rest,  
 "And sing o'er Eden's plain."

O ye, to whom some message's given,  
 Tho' long delayed it be;  
 Work on, and strive, and speak, and live,  
 Gain Heaven's eternity.

RECITATIVE.  
THE DOVE'S GENEALOGY  
AND MISSION.



## RECITATIVE.

---

Of what my father knew he told  
To me the part his father told  
To him; we tell not all, nor can  
          We sing 'til Man has heard  
And us believed.

          We are the Doves;  
We sailed in air  
Before we sailed with Noah in  
The flood; and there was Man near lost,  
And with him lost our souls, but for  
          Our gracious deed.

          When Noah  
Sent the raven out it went  
And staid; but we  
Brought back to him a branch of hope,  
And with its fair freshness, new life  
And hope, and love.

          Since then, not once,  
          But oft a Dove ransom  
Has paid for Man, who, ransomed now  
And once for all,  
Must know that by himself he fell  
And seek to rise, by self, if he  
Must needs, or learns he has a soul  
          Which calls for God; for, "By  
The Grace of God" the wise will rise  
Toward perfectness.



RECITATIVE.  
THE MAN ALONE IN  
EDEN.





## RECITATIVE.

---

The Man was placed in Eden, just  
Before the rock whereon we perched,  
And there he lay.

Awaked, he sat,  
Then rising upright, stood,  
And wondering seemed of how, and why,  
And where he'd come ;

He looked about, gazed at the sun,  
Its blue he saw, blotting it out  
With both his hands ;

He sank to Earth  
And rested there, upon  
A mound of sand. He looked upon  
The Earth, and then  
Upon his feet and hands,

Spread out  
Before him his long arms, then gazed  
From finger-tips out toward a lake

Which lay beyond ; there first  
He saw the azure sky mirrored  
For him, lest he  
Should fail to look above.

So new  
To Man was all, he did not know  
All else was old but he, the last  
And least creation ; small  
Indeed, but seeking reasons how,  
And whence, and why  
He'd come, and whither he would go.

In bliss and ignorance he sat,  
Nor knew his Maker had a right ;—  
                    Since He Himself knew life  
From span to span ; one perfect soul  
T' enclose in clay.

\* \* \* \* \*

Afar we heard the trumpeting  
Of elephants ;  
The Man, too, heard ;  
He turned about, and watched their slow  
And stately march.

When him  
They saw, they swerving came, and formed  
About the Man  
A semi-circle, vast and dark,  
And halted for a sign ;

Then Adam  
Arose and stood, while with his new-  
Found hands unconsciously  
He made a sign to those great beasts ;  
With his thin wrists  
And helpless hands he'd spoke to them  
Unwittingly.

Approach'd toward him  
The stately leader of the herd ;  
Its mighty frame before  
The Man kneeling, rested upon  
The trembling earth.  
The Man stepped lightly forth, drew near  
The beast, and lightly sate upon  
Its neck ;

Slowly the pondrous beast  
Swayed to its feet, and stood ;  
Stately it stood, leader of all  
Its kind :

Upon  
Its neck, and with it ; raised Mankind  
Above the level of all beasts  
As had been its command. It gave

A signal, at which sign  
 The great herd parted; then appeared  
 The second in size  
 To it; which stood in place, facing  
 The Man, who intent viewed them all.

Instant each trunk arose, and waved  
                   In air; instant a sound  
 Of trumpetings from them proclaimed  
 Aloud to Heaven  
 Man recognized by them as lord,  
 And by them loved.

                                  From that time forth  
 The Man and herd were friends; the wise  
                   And gentle leader or  
 His mate, Adam's guardians; they went  
 And came with him.

Life then was new, the man content.  
 The Sun by day its rays cast down,  
 Adam lived within its light; trees leaned  
                   Toward him, upon him cast  
 Blossoms and fruit.

                                  He picked the leaves,  
 Spreading them out  
 Upon the sand; he placed those most  
 Alike in clust'ring rows.

                                  The husks  
 He took of palmetto, and coarse  
 Grass wove like them, so like  
 It seemed.

                  With vines he bound long rolls  
 Of woven grass  
 Together like a mat; with moss  
 He padded it, then on the back  
 Of elephant bound fast with ropes  
                   Of pliant vines; at last  
 He had a rude howdah, fit for  
 A king;

In it

He lay, and rode about, alert  
 To all that came in sight by dawn ;  
 In safety lay through darkest night ;  
     Dread night, dread Moon, whose oft  
 Changing made him afraid ; and left  
 Him so ;

For her

He longed, but knew she was the Sun's  
 Fair mate ; the Sun's alone, not Man's ;  
 The Sun seemed friend, likewise the trees ;  
 Also the beasts which came  
 From out the woods and jungles dense  
 To gaze on Man.  
 In turn he them surveyed.

When each

One passed the Man, he spake to it,  
 And thus its name was fixed for time ;  
     Some habit, mark, or sign,  
 Some fancied likeness, called Man's thought  
 In speech from out  
 His lips.

He beasts observed, and all  
 Their ways like his ; they ate, they slept,  
 They walked, they ran,—not slowly trode  
     Like elephants, which beasts  
 Were gone, at times, for days, and then  
 Adam felt alone.

One beast beside, Man saw,

A beast

Most strange, walking upright, like him ;  
 This beast had wings, which, like great leaves,  
     Closed and unclosed themselves ;  
 As if at will they rose and fell  
 Like wings of bats ;  
 This entertained the Man, and in  
 The hot mid-day these wings gave forth  
 A breeze which soothed and fanned the Man,

And kept him close beside  
The courteous beast.

As for this great,  
This gorgeous beast,  
This dragon-crocodile ; we do  
Not know ; we cannot tell what joy  
Filled all its heart ; what dreams, what soft  
And timid flutt'rings rose  
As Adam touched its leathry sides,  
So cool and moist.

All other beasts, with this, and his  
Great elephants, seemed like hugh toys  
To Man, so diverse from their kind  
Was he.

The fan-winged beast  
He liked, and oft had Adam, seated  
Upon its head,  
The surface of the lake skimmed o'er  
Watching the fish that nimbly swam  
The sparkling waves, waves blue as sky  
Above.

Of beasts, the two  
Which most amused the Man, were tall  
Giraffes, which in  
The trees above Man's easy reach  
Could thrust their heads about, and pick  
The ripened fruits and nuts for him ;—  
And bears unwieldy, in  
Whose furry coats he hid his hands ;  
They, too, were friends.

Upon their backs, so broad and soft,  
He often sat, and stroked their curly  
Fur ; he often lay beside  
Them when he slept ; when cold,  
On sunny side ; when shone the sun,  
He lay upon  
The side where fell the shade ; Man had  
So many friends.

Above the beasts  
 Were other friends; the Sun, the Moon,  
 Serene, oft changing Moon  
 Which menaced him when risen, when gone,  
 Man, terrified,  
 Crept close to elephant or bear  
 And loved to hear them breathe; these, with  
 Himself—upon the coming of  
     The radiant, rising Sun  
 Saluted it, each his own way.  
 Then all us birds  
 Sang joyously. Those were the days  
 When peace on earth was here, and all  
 The noisy crowd of boys was not,  
     With war of gun and stick,  
 And stone; such tranquil days I would  
 See Eden again.

When high the sun arose, a weight  
 Over great crocodile seemed thrown;—  
 A weight of sleep, heavy as lead.  
     Its first sleep o'er, then oft  
 Waked it, to see the man was safe,  
 Then closed—content—  
 Its three eyelids, in haste to dream  
 Its dreams again, or lose itself  
 In sleep.  
     This beast was named "Satan,"  
     And it loved Man; loved him  
 With all its heart, and him alone  
 Of all that lived.  
 Great joy the Man gave it; one touch  
 Of Man's warm hand upon its side,  
 Its leath'ry side, made ripples—run  
     To mountain waves of joy—  
 Flow fast from tipmost snout and tail  
 Back to its heart,  
 Its beastly heart, and out again.  
 It clasped its wing upon the spot



The Man had touched to keep it warm;  
     Its flattened, heavy head  
 It trembling waved from side to side  
 In rapturous  
 Delight.

    The Man was its one chance  
 For Heaven, and him it loved. So passed  
 The equal days and nights, and Adam  
     Was listless, then, perchance,  
 Industrious. Daily he bathed;  
 And bathed in state;

Great elephants bathed first within  
 The margin of the lake, then stood  
 The herd with look intent, while from  
     The lake the leader of  
 The herd approached the waiting Man  
 And—none too gently—  
 Sprayed him well with water from  
 His trunk; the Man would catch his breath,  
 And jump about until he'd bathed  
     Enough; with hands, or in  
 The sand he'd dry himself, then run  
 Lightly beside  
 The elephant;

    The herd, alert,  
 Then raised on high their trunks, and gave  
 Salute to Man, their leader's king.

    From elephant to bird  
 Each living friend of Man's seemed bound,  
 From common cause,  
 By law inviolate, one of  
 Its kind to choose from all the rest  
 As special one, from thence to be  
 Its own; to live, and eat,  
 And rest by it.  
     Such mate had not  
 The crocodile

Beelzebul, whom Adam found  
 Beside the lake, sunning itself ;  
 An insect large it seemed,  
       Alike to man in this,  
 They were unlike each creature else ;  
 No bond but this  
 Existed then, and Satan thought  
 No jealous thought.

      Then was invent  
 An attribute of earthly mould,  
       "Platonic love," and it  
 The ~~S~~erpent felt ; no cause had it  
 For jealousy.

Most gladly staid the crocodile  
 Beside the margin of the lake  
 Where it had found, unvexed, secure,  
       A tranquil resting-place.

Since it, from Heaven cast out, had made  
 A resting place,—  
 Apart from those who'd fallen with it ;  
 Its eyes the heinousness of Sin  
 Had seen, and lost its love for it,  
       And for the baleful train  
 Which followed in its track  
 And brought no joy.  
 For Sin no love Adam bore, he had  
 Not seen its form, nor all its foul,  
 Fetid and fatal loathsomeness ;  
       Beast Satan had ;—and Hell  
 Once left, with all its brood of Sins,  
 The great beast's deathless soul ;—  
 For it had chosen to be a beast  
 In look (tho' not in fact) t' escape  
 The place, nor once again endure  
       The sweet and sickly stench  
 Of Sin's vile wiles ;—his soul—for whoso



Has a soul  
 Is him or her—loathed Sin's embrace.  
 Once out of Hell, and free, he staid;  
 But left the gates of Hell unclosed;  
                     And inwardly they swing,  
 And ever inward swing and yawn  
 For whoso comes.

O'er birds Sin has no power, but this  
 We know; Hell freely lets men in  
 But never out.

                    There is no need  
 That Hell should hold the one  
 Repentant one, since men are found  
 To willingly  
 Take up his work.

                    These with great zest,  
 And in apparent glee, carry  
 It on for sake of gain, nor care  
                     Who falls, nor what befalls  
 Themselv's; nor care their wives, children,  
 Nor worldly friends,  
 Until too late they find they've made  
 Themselv's within Hell's flames; horrid  
 And endless flames,—a place of woe

                    Like that they made on earth  
 For wives and babes, and hungry men  
 Unhoused, unfed,  
 No need of "chiefs" in Hell, since these  
 Do work for Hell, and take their hire  
 In coin, and pay again into  
                     Town treasuries license  
 To sin. The license does not say "Thou must  
 For us then, lose  
 Thy soul." By their free will they bind  
 Themselves by name, that there be no  
 Mistake, and sell they do, of that  
                     Which makes of Man a beast.

A curse rings in their ears, the noise

*Research points to Death—not eternal punishment for*

Of which they'd stop  
 With fire, and have it done, if they  
 But could; but no, the mete they on  
 Earth meted out, shall be their share  
     In Hell, where wealth, so gained,  
 Can buy no ease; so they in vain  
 In torment moan,  
 And weep, and rage; knowing at last  
 That what is gained by helping Sin  
 To rule the Earth, is lost when weighed  
     In balance with a mind  
 Which justly suffers for the woes  
 It helped create.

Adam could not know of this, but we  
 Have learned it since. Adam was a child,  
 Childlike his way seemed clear, from day  
     To day was spread before  
 Him all the world, his world, and this  
 Sufficient was.

On elephant he rode about,  
 And when he liked, he staid at home.  
 The tall giraffe oft plucked him fruit  
     Placed high beyond his reach.  
 Once Adam essayed to climb for fruit,  
 We birds did laugh.  
 From passing drooping boughs Adam wit  
 From trial had learned; he coiled his hair  
 About his head in many folds  
     And pinned with thorns, when he  
 Began to climb; arrived on high  
 He downward fell;  
 But for a lock of hair which caught  
 Upon a branch, full to the ground  
 He'd gone; the branch he clutched, and firm  
 Footing upon a branch  
 Below.

Then stood the Man aloft,

A branch above,  
 A branch below ; himself held fast.  
 So stood he there, and thought, and then  
 Plucked out with his free hand, and hair

By hair, the lock which held  
 Secure from farther fall, a Man  
 Both sad and wise.

This done, he clambered downward to  
 His grave old elephant, who laid  
 Moist, cooling leaves upon the wound.

When Adam again began  
 To climb, he was held fast by trunk  
 Inflexible.

At home, down from the woods the bears  
 Arrived ; upon their backs were stored  
 Sweet honey-combs ;

Their friend they thus  
 Remembered when they  
 Returned. Far in the rocks these tame  
 And cunning bears  
 Had found stored up, and brought away  
 The glorious honey-combs.

Of this  
 They'd eat their fill at once,—the bees  
 Came not, and—satisfied—  
 They thought of Adam, or lazily  
 Had brought some home.  
 The bees flew not in Eden, they lived  
 Outside ; and stored, without a thought  
 Of theft, their treasure-cells within  
 The rocks or trees.

Adam loved  
 The sweet and blossom-scented food ;  
 He laid his face  
 Close, close beside the bear's, and growled  
 And hummed like it ; and clasped its neck,  
 Its shaggy neck, with both his arms

And thought aloud, "When next  
 "A little bear appears, I'll have



Them lay the stones  
 As they were placed ; no yellow, wide  
 And gaping mouths ; no skinny throats,  
 Came stretching up midst tender wings  
                     Emerging from their shells ;  
 Nor would they break when dropped. He stored  
 In vain pebbles  
 Of every size, to match the eggs  
 Of all the birds within his reach.  
 Man waiting, watched and worked, ofttimes  
                     He lay full length upon  
 The elephant and dreamed, his couch  
 Of grass his nest.

Week after week, and month by month  
 He wondered and observed.

                                    The young  
 Of all the birds and beasts grew like  
 The old ; in time matured,  
 From tiniest birdling to the baby  
 Elephant ;  
 Not one grew like to him of all  
 That moved about ; not one had such  
 A foot, nor one a hand nor arm  
                     Like his, not one, not one ;  
 The trees and plants he loved, but they  
 Were always there.



RECITATIVE.  
ADAM'S FALL.





## RECITATIVE.

---

Then came a lonely day when all  
The elephants were gone. In march  
Ordered they went, and two by two,  
The young beside their dam.  
Alone was Adam, no one but he,  
Except that beast,  
The crocodile.

Satan himself  
Was left as guard. In vain did strive  
The beast; in vain did stand upright;  
His napping time had come  
And drowsiness him seized; but Adam  
Slept not, nor sat,  
In all the glare of blazing day.  
Down Satan sank, watchful he'd be  
Though he himself should sleep. He thought

"Adam is alone, what harm  
"Can come to Man, what harm indeed?"  
So Satan slept.

Man was alone; one pair of bears  
Slept on serene; the small one of  
The other pair, alert and full  
Of fun, played close at hand.  
The wakeful little beast played there  
Alone awhile;

She was the one who oftenest brought  
Sweet honey-comb to Adam. Her mate'd  
Been gone for days, was this one left

For Adam then? Man thought  
 Why not for him? He felt all through  
 His frame of flesh  
 A shudder run;

He fondled and  
 Caressed the beast, he fawned around,  
 And kissed the brute, his frenzied mind

No difference saw in race.  
 What subtly stole his sense away?  
 A languorous dread  
 To fear soon changed, to trembling fear,  
 For, far off in the woods, he heard  
 The lusty call to her of her  
 Returning mate.

Down ran  
 The little bear into the lake  
 Nor thought of Adam;  
 Unlucky Adam, her furry coat  
 Clutching; he ran, and stumbled down,  
 And sank with her into the lake.

Man Adam was drowned, since he  
 Of beast, and with a beast, had him  
 Mated.

The bear unconsciously swam on,  
 She, witless, by her gifts had won  
 The Man.

Was Adam drowned? Why not?  
 Above his head the bright  
 And merry wavelets floated in  
 The Sun.

Before  
 That day we doves had sung, but since  
 We never sing; we chirp, and coo,  
 And mourn.

Above Adam's head arose  
 Some bubbles bright of air.  
 The Man had loved a beast; again  
 Man rose above

The waves ; he gave a scream of fear,  
 The first despairing scream of fear ;  
 Brute that she was, the bear had heard

    The scream, and turned ;—close shut  
 Her mouth over the waves of Adam's  
 Long, floating locks ;

Then swam, and drew him to the shore ;  
 She drew him, senseless, o'er the sand  
 That scorched beneath the sun. From her

    Wet sides she shook out showers,  
 Drenching the Man with drops. She saw  
 Her mate's return.

She buried from his sight the Man ;  
 She reared ; an instant stood upright ;  
 Then dropped, and sprang to meet her spouse.  
 A sound

Unique enstopped our ears, a laugh  
 From Satan's jaws.

On haunches raised, with head thrown back,  
 From saw-like lips full tensely strained  
 Came chuckles vast ; a noise most like

    Unto the noise of pent  
 But gurgling water, rolled from out  
 His frog-like throat  
 When laughed that fallen prince.

From both

His eyes, half closed in mirthfulness,  
 Now sparkled out, twinkled unchecked

    The thought that he alone  
 Possessed the knowledge firm of the  
 First fall of Man ;

A fall supreme, complete and sure.  
 How simple, matchless even, that he,  
 Beelzebub, should close his eyes

    For one instant to thus  
 Secure the upper hand of Man.  
 That he, in sooth,  
 Scant time should nod his cumbrous head  
 In dreamless sleep before some sense

Unknown, alert ; an instinct wrought  
 About the edge of sleep,  
 Him warned, instant and opportune,  
 To Man's ordeal ;  
 In point of time the first great nurse  
 To scorn his charge, and him neglect  
 And so gain death instead of life  
 For him.

The same instinct  
 That waked, had warned him hold his tongue,  
 Throw up his head,  
 And backward look ;

Thus fell Man Adam  
 Beneath his power—but tempted not.

The senseless Man, within the sand  
 Enshrined, lay still.

The bear  
 Rejoiced to have again her mate,  
 The Man was dead ;  
 Alive or dead nothing Man was  
 To her, happy the beasts had lived  
 Before he came, and happy now  
 He'd gone again.

Satan  
 Alone'd miss Man, but, laughing still,  
 He saw the small  
 Bear rise, and quickly drop again ;  
 She skurried on to her rough mate,  
 Together to the lake they came,  
 Together drank, returned,  
 Then ran into the woods ; as quick  
 Returned from thence,  
 And with them other bears.

Instinct  
 With inquiry, they rolled the Man  
 From out his grave into Sun's glare ;  
 Around, and back and forth  
 Over the sands ; with their pink tongues

They licked the Man ;  
 No sign of life gave he ; and then  
 Beast Satan wept ; then groaned aloud  
 The lonely crocodile, and lashed

His body with his wings.

He wept great drops, great streams of pearls  
 That shimm'ring ran

All down his slimy, skin-tight jaws,  
 For long and vain he'd tried the heart  
 And love of manly Adam to win.

To Satan, doubly doomed,  
 His single loneliness seemed worse  
 Than dual woe,  
 Now Adam was gone.

Satan himself  
 Had long lost Heaven, and had attained,  
 By many trials, on Earth foothold ;

With him, could Adam have gone,  
 Almost in Hell would be again  
 Have taken up

His place. Earth gained, Man lost, was worse  
 Than Hell ; Adam gone, no use had he  
 For either Heaven or Hell, the Earth

Was both ; himself, Satan,  
 The most compacted far of all  
 Its molecules.

He grieving, lost himself. He wept  
 Afresh.

He could not hope for death,  
 Nor dream to enter Heaven, not e'en

Tho' penitent, unless  
 Himself he lost, and gained, instead,  
 A better life ;

Another life, by entrance to  
 This earth, and thence through life and death  
 As mindless human being ;

How

Accomplish it ? Had he  
 Not endless ages toiled to look  
 At human kind ?

But one of these he'd seen, but one,  
 And he now dead, and fast to clay  
 Turning before his eyes. His loss  
     Too great a punishment  
 Seemed then; to close one's eyes, because  
 Secure, and find  
 Sin stolen in, and Death; them he'd  
 Forgot in love for that one Man.  
 "Out, wretched fiends," he gurgling  
 Moaned, "I call on God  
 "To drive you out; this is no place  
 "For such as you!  
 "Go, furious ones; seize tree, rock, fish;  
 "The beasts, the birds, but let Man live.  
 "Adam's gone, you him have lost, he's safe  
     "In Heaven."

    "In Heaven? E'en there  
 "He may remembrance take of me.  
 "My shape, vile and  
 "Ungainly, better mem'ry is  
 "Than that would be of heinous Sin,  
 "Which precedes Death one step.  
     "Had Adam  
 "Come forth from Heaven, he had  
 "No memory of it. God was  
 "A Presence loved;  
 "A Presence felt, oft coming; tho'  
 "So near, invisible to Man.  
 "That Presence seemed to love Man well,  
     "The Sun Him loved, the great  
 "Blue Sun within its rim dazzling.  
 "I think me now  
 "Of how he daily bowed to it  
 "As God's great home."

    Long in this vein  
 Sad Satan spake, and solace found  
     But sobbed the while, gath'ring  
 Himself into one huddled heap  
 Of misery,



By grief poignant, devitalized ;  
 There Adam lay, a mortal clod  
 Lifeless, beside the sandy dune ;  
     The Sun warmed him, the bears  
 With fuzzy tongues stroked on and on,  
 Nor wearied not ;  
 From head to foot they Man did turn.  
 Afresh burst forth the grief of him  
 Satan called ; he wept again, and cursed  
     Himself for that he'd slept ;  
 All loss seemed his, his living heart  
 Within his breast  
 Was bursting with its pain of love  
 For that which loveless was, and cold,  
 And still, and gone away without  
     Good bye. 'Twas then began  
 The trumpetings of elephants,  
 And we who heard  
 Turned and beheld one than the rest  
 Whiter, surpassing them by far  
 In stateliness of form and mein,  
     Stride on alone. Upon  
 Its back a shrouded figure sat.  
 The bears growled loud ;  
 Quick scurried to the lake, swam through,  
 Through bushes tore their way, soon passed  
 From sight, and in the mountain's woods  
     Were lost.

    Before the herd  
 The one lone elephant advanced,  
 Moved fast and still ;  
 To Adam it came and stood, while from  
 Its back the shrouded one arose  
 And in its shining draperies  
     Down floated to the ground,  
 It stretched its hands and touched the Man,  
 It turned him face  
 Upward, and gently breathed into  
 His mouth until the breast of Adam

Rose high ; then forced the air forth from  
The lips of Adam until  
The breath of Man anew and well-  
Established was.

The figure, kneeling, paused and looked  
On Man, then in an instant rose,  
And took its place unwillingly  
Upon its waiting beast ;  
Into its ear whisp'ring, left Adam  
To softly breathing rest.



RECITATIVE.  
ADAM'S CARES.



## RECITATIVE.

---

Slowly the year had nearly run  
Its course; Adam sighed, for half his first,  
Best manhood' gone.

In thought he was  
Oft lost; and in the vague  
Remembrance of his death; he mourned  
That he still lived.

Almost was Satan Adam's friend;  
By night, by day he kept that most  
Unhappy Man in sight, and felt  
A grief supreme, if Adam  
But gazed on other beast, beside  
Himself, intent.

The birds charmed Man; their birdlings, too;  
The blossoms, and the buds, not less  
Of trees, than those of Earth. Upon  
His matted couch of grass  
Not on the Earth, but on the great  
Broad back of his  
Strong elephant he lay, and dreamed—  
His head upon the beast's huge head.  
It fanned him with its ears; it seemed  
To know Man home-sick was;  
It plucked bright blossoms from the trees,  
And fairest fruits,  
And held them over to the child-like  
Man, in hope to please or coax.

\* \* \* \* \*

Quick Adam moved, and roused himself,

His head on elbow leaned ;—

A growl from out the far-off woods

Rolled down from heights .

Beyond his sight ; a strange but yet

A well-remembered sound, a growl ;

And then appeared in view—a beast ?

A man ? a man-like beast,

Who walked erect like Adam, but dressed

In hairy skin.

Close at its side another shape

Came shuffling on. Fast to its neck

Were clinging forms, and they seemed gray,

And strange to us, and strange

To Man, who with his hand his eyes

Shaded and gazed.

The foremost man's exultant stride

Showed by its pace it bore a prize

Within its arms.

Upon its breast

There lay revealed to us,

On closer view, four bundles held

Of varying size

And shape ; for two were rough and brown,

And they were cubs of bears ; and two

Beside, most weakly clung, nestling

Close to the great bear's neck ;

Their skin seemed pink and white, like birds,

These then it'd brought

To Man.

My mate and I drew near,

We looked inquiringly at Adam,

Who, shivering, had raised himself

And upright sat, staring.

Satan glowering crouched, he'd never seen

A standing bear

But once before. What taught the bear

To stand ? What right had it such near

Approach to Adam to make, while he

Thus sat on elephant?

It was most strange.

The walking bears

Seemed bold, they looked

Expectantly at Man; they'd brought

Sweet honey-comb; with it, another

Gift, and now presented it.

Beside the Man 'twas laid,

The gift of two of Man's own kind,

Two infant men;

Then, backing off, the scornful bear

Dropped to the ground two robust cubs,

Its own. Were they helpless? They? No,

For had not they a great

Bear-father? Close to neck cleaving

Of Mother-bear,

Two others clung, pink-white, helpless;

With their weak hands they grasped her neck

And nestled, cuddling there in fear.

These Bruin raised, and laid

Full gently, down by Adam, then dropped

On all fours to

The ground. It caught its cubs and by

Their mother laid the little bears.

She weary was of this most slow,

Unusual work, weary

Of walking far, and bringing in

Her arms honey,

While strange beasts to her head did cling;

Relieved of these, at once she fell,

She sank to earth; then leisurely

She nursed her cubs content,

Her Bruin looking on. My mate

And I watched Adam.

Seated within his nest upon

Great elephant, he gazed, speechless,

Upon his naked, helpless young ;  
                     His offspring, weakly clothed.  
 In skin.

                    Had elephant beheld,  
 Their questioned lives  
 An answer and a finish might  
 Have had.

                    A new cry then we heard,  
 Adam heard it, too ; list'ning, he looked  
 To see from whence it might  
 Have come ;

                    A thin and wedge-shaped face,  
 Chest viol-shaped ;  
 Within the face a mouth appeared  
 And from it issued forth a wail,  
 The strangest sound Adam's ear had heard.

                    It did not touch his heart,  
 He did not know he had a heart ;  
 The cry rang loud,  
 An answering cry in Adam arose,  
 Not Pity's cry, his own despair  
 Cried out. His arms the helpless one

                    Enclosed and it pressed close  
 To him, he could not help them if  
 They all should weep.  
 Why had the great bear-father brought  
 To him these large-of-head-and-small-  
 Of-bodied things? He'd give them back  
                     To it.

                    Thus we saw Man,  
 He helpless was ; at side of him  
 And in his arms  
 Nestling, the Man beheld his soft  
 Image, the evolution of  
 Himself ; his first, displayed there ;  
                     Four chimpanzees, the first  
 Of monkey-kind, should they to him  
 Apologize?  
 No ! they but looked at him who'd called

Them forth,—and cried again. They say  
 The sun did dance, at which we closed  
     Our eyes.

    We birds are not  
 Allowed to love outside our kind,  
 (This reason is  
 We birds permitted are to live).  
 The small and weakly young ones moaned,  
 And trembling sobbed. Man Adam, himself  
     Trembling, bade elephant  
 Kneel down; then, from its side sliding,  
 He stooped him down  
 And gently laid his cub beside  
 The resting bear, that she might feed  
 It with her own.

    Entreatingly  
 Adam looked at father-bear,  
 Which by him stood; then clambered to  
 His mat; from thence  
 He handed Bruin all the rest;—  
 Three weakling little man-like cubs.  
 With surly look the bear received  
     Them back into his care,  
 And growling to its mate some words  
 It laid them down.  
 The bear-cubs and the tiny men,  
 Beside their common nurse, fed soon  
 And well, and slept.

    This was the tale  
 The gray doves told, they are  
 Our cousins from abroad, they roam  
 Where'er they will.





GRAY DOVES' STORY OF  
THE MAN CUBS.



## GRAY DOVE'S STORY CONCERN- ING THE MAN CUBS.

---

It happened in the far-off woods, away,  
Were father-bear, and mother-bear. One day  
Six cubs beside her lay, two brown, four gray.

"Where did you find these grayling cubs, my  
dear?"

"I found them just beside my own, right here,  
"They're not like mine, there's something wrong,  
I fear."

"Do you stay here, and rest, and feed them all,  
"I'll go and search, and when you hear me call,  
"Bring every cub, and do not let one fall."

But father-bear returned alone, and cross,  
Without the white bear-mother; with the loss  
Of sleep and food. Then—with a mighty toss

Of his great head, declared aloud, "They must  
"Be man-cubs; now I think it fair and just  
"That he should take the care of them; I'll dust

"My paws from caring for more cubs than mine,  
"We'll take them with the honey, it is time;  
"He'll love his cublets, the're not mine, nor thine."

Day after day, most curiously,  
 Man Adam watched his cubs. He stroked  
 Their sides, and saw in what, if aught,  
     They differed from their mates.  
 Were these small beings like himself?  
 Or would they grow  
 Like birds? no wings he saw; and would  
 Their skin be smooth and fine like his?  
 Was he once small as they? Would they  
     Grow downy, like the birds?  
 Or, like the bears, have fur? They ate,  
 They grew, they came,  
 They went like bears.

    Their brother-cubs  
 Were sometimes rude and rough in play,  
 Then man-cubs took to climbing; first  
 To father-bear, and next  
 To trees.

    High there they sat, serene,  
 Or, chatt'ring fast  
 They broke off sticks and leaves; they tore  
 Off blossoms; picked the fruits and nuts,  
 And rained them rattling down, in gay  
     Mischief, upon the bears  
 Below; Adam grieved, that these small cubs  
 Could him out-climb.

He watched their pranks, they seemed to mock  
 At him; he envious grew of them;  
 He shuddered when they came too near;  
     The elephants, as one,  
 Distrusted them; the crocodile  
 Was jubilant.

Poor mother-bear, whose eyes once shone  
 With fun, grew dull, and leaden-eyed;  
 It dreadful was that she could care  
     For such ungainly cubs  
 As these.

Man would have gladly thanked  
 And petted her,  
 But half afraid was he of her  
 Rough mate, Man could not speak to her  
 When it was by, so shy he'd grown.

From time to time when brought  
 Bruin its young, not all were bears,  
 Two agile apes  
 Appeared ; all in due time came more  
 Strange beasts ; and orang-cubs, in pairs  
 Or threes, or singly strown ; perchance  
 Man evolving out ;  
 A stroke far greater than the Man  
 Could patiently  
 Endure.

Could there, indeed, be no  
 Release? Again he thought, "And will  
 "I have to choose a mate from these  
 "New beasts which last have come?"  
 They had not made a kinship claim,  
 Nor had he made.

Should he again seek sleep like that  
 He once had found? He from the back  
 Of elephant could slip, and lay

Him in the lake ; he'd look  
 And see its utmost depths ; he looked,  
 And saw—himself.



ADAM'S SONG TO HIS IMAGE  
REFLECTED IN THE LAKE.





## SONG.

---

What's that being  
Looking at me?  
I can see its face.

I will go, and  
Live beside it,  
Wand'ring from this place.

I move, it moves  
Coming to me,  
We will here remain,

See its beauty,  
I embrace it,—  
It has gone again.

I will come—am  
Coming. See it  
Reaching toward me;—wait!

I come quickly  
Thy hands holding.  
They're so cold, my mate.

The Man was gone, his face so fair,  
 With curls clust'ring; long locks, which fell  
 In shim'ring waves about his form  
     Athletic, lithe, God-like;  
 All gone in blindly seeking love  
 However false.

The elephant seized Man, and dragged  
 Him from the depths. Had it known him  
 Incapable of sense it would  
     Have saved his lake-ward plunge;  
 Saved;—Man was well, but wroth.

Nor evermore  
 Could he approach its waves; for thorns  
 Sprang up; the elephant forbade;  
 Likewise the crocodile. From rocks  
     Not far away, a pure  
 And glitt'ring fountain sprang, rippling  
 And running down  
 The sand, throwing itself within  
 The lake beyond the bounds now set  
 For Adam; hedged out, by them, from death.  
     His life, though full of thought  
 And simple learning of the ways  
 Of plants, birds, beasts;  
 Unhappy was; and Discontent  
 Its arms about him threw at times;  
 Then Horror seized, and crushed the Man  
     When he beheld the brutes  
 Most like to him, and they did mock  
 And leer at him.

RECITATIVE.  
GOD'S PROMISE.



EX. 22, 19;

LEV. 18; 23; 20, 15, 16;

DEUT. 27, 21.



## RECITATIVE.

---

Time passed ; a great hush fell one day,  
While sounds of music, low and sweet,  
Fell o'er Adam's soul, and swaying all

    About him lay. It was  
Th' approach of God, in mortal form,  
He spoke, Adam heard.

Each elephant a salute gave  
Noiseless ; Man trembling sat.

  God bade  
Him come to Him ; together stood  
The Twain.

    Then passed each beast  
In slow parade ; the bears and Satan  
Walked upright ;  
Of monkey-kind, not one was with  
The beasts ; they ranked themselves as birds  
And sat in trees.

  Now last of all,  
Came soulful crocodile ;  
With rare glitt'ring he walked abroad  
In bright sunshine.

His drooping wings, as graceful sleeves  
Appeared ; his tail, like trailing gown ;  
Modest his head was bowed ; within

    His heart was fear.

  When Satan  
Passed, God said—and we know how  
He thundered it—

*Curst be the man who of a beast  
Does make his mate; he shall be put  
To death—and he shall have no part  
With Me, or Mine; nor in  
My sight, nor in My Heaven; for he  
Unworthy is.*

Satan toiled on, his heart bereft  
Cried sharp, "In vain my glittering,  
"Am I not doomed to Hell direct?"  
"My place, and outside show's  
"Decreed; and fixed my rank on Earth,  
"I give up power,  
"My heart wants love alone, not glint  
"Of sun on golden scales. I want  
"Man Adam's love; from that now shut  
"By law, I dust would be,  
"That roots of trees might pierce my sides,  
"Or blossom fair  
"My earthly body, hateful house,  
"Might soon destroy. No change of place  
"Nor shape—save by decree—to me  
"Can come; I thank thee, God;  
"Since Earth a home for me allowed  
"Is,—I'll serve."

Long while he crouched, withdrawn apart  
From all the rest; then threw him down  
Upon his armored side, and thus  
Discoursed unto the ground;  
"In gratitude I'll serve the Man  
"For evermore."  
"I've been in Hell,—and nothing there  
"Was worth the pains to go, or pains  
"When there; escaped,—on Earth, bondage  
"Itself is joy, bondage  
"In service of a mind which learns  
"By taking thought;  
"Which finds a charm in life itself,



"And in its forced employ. At worst  
 "Even Man, cast off from God, can live  
     "The equal of the beast.  
 "I, Satan, shaped in Heaven, fell down  
 "To Hell's mid-depths."

"I am content to stay in mud  
 "As earthly crocodile, rather  
 "Than be confined in hearing of  
     "Hell's discord; and its noise  
 "And clamor for 'The one who dragged  
 "The Angels down.' "

In softened mood, he murmured on,  
 "It is but just Hell-ward I should  
 "Return; I'll go—if sent; once there,  
     "I'll take it turn and turn  
 "About with Cerberus, and join  
 "With him in toil  
 "Of keeping human beings out;  
 "Allowed on Earth, I'm spirit-slaved  
 "By something never felt before;  
     "It stirs my heart when Adam  
 "But looks at me, it binds me fast.  
 "If love binds so  
 "Why should I care for power?  
     "Did God  
 "Want love? Was not He vastly more  
 "Than satisfied with power? I had  
     "The power to crush this Man;  
 "His intense love I more desired.  
 "His gentle thoughts  
 "And works were wonderful to me.  
 "In Man is shown much more of rare  
 "Design than seems to run through dust,  
     "Beasts, trees, the sky and lakes.  
 "Whatever eyes may rest upon  
 "He's more than all."

"His eyes subdue the skies ; he's like  
 "A tree ; his feet the roots, his arms,  
 "His hands are branch and twigs ; each shrub  
     "Belittles him, and yet  
 "He's greater than them all ; Man thinks."

    "His matted couch  
 "Is sign sufficient he can take  
 "Comfort at ease. Results he plans  
 "Beyond each brutish mind.  
                     "In sand  
 "That's smooth, the shapes of trees  
 "And rocks, now outlines he quite well ;  
     "Once he did more ;  
 "Wet clay he moulded into balls ;  
 "Then balls of varied size and shape  
 "Made he ; by twos these placed, then made  
     "Them like to me. It pleased  
 "Me well to have his glowing eyes  
 "Study my face  
 "And form, though hideous ; these frail,  
 "Crude images broke he, at first—  
 "Then kept. The other beasts then he  
     "Fashioned, until of us  
 "He had a whole menagerie.  
 "Thus then, worked he ;  
 "He wanted but a model real,  
 "And fairly standing in his sight,  
 "Himself t'amuse with making men."  
     "His treasured images  
 "Are dust ;—since monkeys look so like  
 "In kind to him,  
 "He's ceased his image-work."

To this

"The summary amounts : I, Satan,  
 "Must help Man right to do, or fall  
     "Both headlong back to Hell.  
 "It easy is to think, but on  
 "All fours to walk,

"Or strange to look upright on twos

"Is easier far for Hell's once chief,

"Than joyous be in their doing.

"As crocodile I these

"Can do, can watch, can wait, could snatch

"Man up when wrong ;

"In stress could swallow him ; and, quite

"Content, make food for worms ; this I'll

"Reserve 'til all things else have failed.

"But now, 'tis better far

"That I, a love-sick crocodile,

"Bestir myself

"At once, and think while serving, how

"I best can aid the Man content,

"Eternally."

So dreamed aloud

The crocodile, until

His dreams almost an angel's seemed

Even to us birds.

He saw himself, by nature's force

And time ; to worms, and useful juice

Of plants reduced, and thought what plant

He'd choose to give his life

Unto. If choice were freely given

He'd be a vine—

A vine with fruitage ;

But a vine

Would climb ; would that please Him who sat

Above, and ruled small Earth, and made

The elements which formed

The Earth? As Angel he had climbed,

And been thrown down ;

As vine, he'd crawl, nor cast aloft

One leafy branch ; his ripened fruit

Could feed the birds, and they could sing

God's praise ; the sound could go

Below, above ; and should his soul,  
 Cast forth from out  
 His form, by vine-root's grasp, find Hell  
 Its restless, endless home ; e'en there  
 The melodies of birds, vine-fed,  
     Might pierce their way, and bring  
 Comfort in midst of gnawing pain's  
 Discouragements.

His changing, fettered heart Hell's census  
 Took, counting the spirits bound  
 At will, at council called in Heaven.

    Could he release them all  
 Should he return ? They'd followed him  
 In truth, but why ?  
 He'd not compelled, and Hell itself  
 Might change, now he was out. It had  
 Of Heaven the mental elements ;

    Musicians in one discord  
 Fuged ; Heaven's music far away ;  
 Ear tortured they ;  
 Great artists, who'd oft done the clouds  
 Of Heaven in tints by them alone  
 Impossible ; God's alchemists

    Direct' their work in Heaven,  
 None fallen were.

    Throughout the list,  
 In thought, he went ;  
 Nor could he deem but they as well  
 Without his ken,—for present needs ;  
 Later, if ordered there, he'd go

    And suffer, too, if they  
 Released were not ; to Earth and shape  
 He yet was bound.

To his keen, anguished sense had come  
 God's words to Adam, he thought he knew  
 Their meaning well, if Adam could

    Not love a beast, his fate,  
 In present outer shape, was fixed.  
 A mental beast,

Intolerant and vain, he once  
 Had been ; Hell's fires had calcined part ;  
 But, fitted to his shape, his mind

Had filled it out complete  
 'Til Adam came, and in his sweet  
 Companionship

He learned a meaning new to him ;  
 That power existed out of self,  
 And was a Spirit, sent from God,  
 Which conquered other loves,  
 Beside the love for God Supreme,  
 Throughout all space.

This fainting Satan'd learned.—Adam heard  
 God's words, but did not catch their thought  
 Of awful import.

God called Adam  
 To stand near Him ; then called  
 The apes ; He called for all the race  
 Of monkey kind.  
 These showed to Man. *Are these thy sons?*  
*Man Adam? dost thou call such as these*  
*Daughters and sons? Hast thou no soul?*

The Man looked at the tribe  
 Before him grouped, but said no word ;  
 He did not know.

At their lean arms he looked, at his ;  
 Saw their shorn heads, felt his long locks  
 Of waving earth-red hair, and brow

All decked with little curls,  
 Which oft he'd plucked out by the roots,  
 And felt no hurt—

Because his eyes they'd covered up.  
 At quadrumanian feet he glanced,  
 And at his shapely ones ; in one

Swift glance surveyed  
 The man-like, climbing beasts ; his own  
 Fair skin was smooth,  
 Theirs hairy was. Chatt'ring, toward him  
 They stretched their hands ; Adam cast himself

Face down to earth,—*Hast thou done this?*

*Then thou shalt die.* God grasped  
The Man, and high he lifted him—

My mate then spoke,

A soft “Ya-hu; Ya-hu.”\* The Lord

Of Heaven heard, *If this bird speaks*

*Shall I not hold mine wrath? The Man*

*Must know he has a soul,*

*And feel the grasp of pain.* Slow down

The Man was lowered;

The Earth he touched, and then the Lord,

Who could Man’s shrinking side have crushed,

Clutched it.

*Thou hast a soul, it feel.*

With wrench of hand, twisting

The muscles hard. He watched Adam’s face,

Thence came a sound

From out Adam’s mouth; the first great “Oh!”

Of pain; this all the list’ning Earth’s

Resounding waves answered; the sound

Circling, went swirling round

From every tree, rock, hill and plain;

That “Oh” of pain,

That cry of pain; that something which,

Not seen, nor heard, made self supreme;

It was then born, nor time, nor love,

Nor fear could prove to Man

Its non-existence; God then loosed His hand,

*Pains like thy soul,*

*Feel’st thou thy soul? It shall thee chide,*

*And thou’lt be true and clean in time.*

*A kindred mate thou’lt have like to*

*Thyself and she will seem*

*Thy soul; with thee will live; she’ll thee*

*Surpass in grace;*

*In wisdom be thy peer; and far*

*Beyond in seeing quick and clear*

\*“Oh God, oh God.”



*A future good; thou'lt her excel  
     In strength, regarding needs  
 At hand superlative. But thou  
 Thyself must curb.*

*Thou'lt have thy separate soul, nor canst  
 Thou always have thy mate with thee;  
 Each sight of her, her every act,  
     Should thee remind—in some  
 Degree—of Me, and what I thee  
 Have told.  
 Love Me supreme; then, if she fails,  
 I'll comfort thee.*

*Rest now, within  
 Mine arms; I'll hold thee close; rest Man,  
     And sleep; I love thee so.  
 Thou'lt live; and work, and sing. Again  
 I'll come, and when  
 I come, thou'lt sleep so sound thou'lt have  
 No knowledge what I bring to thee  
 Until thou seest my good gift.*

*The pain-tired eyelids closed,  
 His Father holding him; He smoothed  
 Adam's knitted brows,  
 And sang to him. The birds mingled  
 Their songs with His. No words were sung;  
 But sounds since used by insect choirs,  
     To lull to sleep; He bent  
 And kissed the Man, and laid him down  
 And went away.*





RECITATIVE.  
ADAM'S WAITING.



## RECITATIVE.

---

At dawn, and day by day, Adam waked  
And prostrate bowed before the Sun  
As place, he thought, most like the home  
Where God might dwell. He loved  
To think of Him, although to grieve  
God's heart he feared.

Himself he bathed within the rock-  
Fountain; he learned to whistle; sung  
The songs of little birds,—that he  
Might sing them to his mate  
When she should come; as had in faith  
Been promised him.

Now garlands fair he wove, to deck  
His coming bride; her wanting, wreathed  
With them great elephants. Of trees  
With swaying branch, festoons  
He made, which ran from tree to tree,  
He grief forgot.  
He stored up honey in a cave  
He'd built of stones; about its sides  
Heaped sand and moss; with joy his heart  
Was filled.

His fear and dread  
Constant became, lest apes should turn  
To men like him;  
But no, a magic bound seemed set.

He grieved where they at aught surpassed,  
 For they could climb secure. What if

His mate should long for that  
 Beyond his grasp? but then, he thought,  
 Will she not love

A Man more than a climbing beast,  
 However high its place? Waiting,  
 The Man of best would worthy be;

Working, be worthy Heaven.  
 Within his side, a throbbing heart  
 He felt; oft times

It beat with fear if he but looked  
 Out toward the dreadful, man-like apes;  
 With joy and reverence it beat

When he recalled to mind  
 The faithful promise God had made  
 While hushing him,  
 No longer home-sick, tired, nor robbed  
 Of sleep—unless for very joy.

We thought it strange, I and my mate

Whom I so dearly loved;  
 Beside a promised mate, this new-  
 Made Man had then

A soul, which more and better was.  
 Since soul and life seemed each a part  
 Of each, we, too, wished for these souls.

The life of Man my mate  
 Had saved, Would God not give us birds  
 A living soul?

We'd sing; and wait, and see, for we  
 Him also loved.

RECITATIVE.

THE  
COMING  
OF  
EVE.



## RECITATIVE.

---

Like other days, the longed-for day  
Dawned clear. When rolled the sun on high  
Our quiet hour disturbed was ;

    The twitt'ring silence of  
The wood awoke to trumpetings  
Unusual.

Advanced full soon toward us a tribe  
Of elephants, vast beasts and white  
Compared with those of Eden, our home.

    Upon them rode in state  
Spirits of might in garments clothed  
From Heaven's looms.

The Lord of all came, too. Swiftly  
Appeared a newly opened plain  
Hedged thick with thorns, all blossoming ;  
    Mountains, rocks heaped on rocks  
Encircling and receding rose  
Beyond the hedge,

Their cones the azure sky piercing,  
Shone luminous with snow and ice  
Beneath sun rays ; rays dazzling still

    'Though passing fast fair Eden's  
Meridian. Then Paradise  
In brightness gleamed.

Appeared an entrance new ; through this,  
With measured tread, the stately herd  
Their precious burdens bore, nor saw

The Man these shining forms,  
Nor heeded he; his senses fine  
In sleep were locked.

Transplendent ones, Angels from Heaven,  
Eden's bowers amidst, sat mute and gazed  
Upon their heavy, lumbering steeds;

Nor knew that these were kings  
Of beasts, and trained to follow sounds  
Angels heard not.

Of sound these beasts each modulation  
Knew that breathed in vain to harps  
Within Angelic ears; so trained

Were they to signals given  
That without thought the Angels rode,  
Marched, throned on them,  
Eden's bowers amidst; and sate transfixed  
Beneath its fragrant, spicy shade;  
Beheld entranced its beauteous

Simplicity; saw Adam  
Unconscious that to him was given  
An homage rare.

The palms in Eden were wonderful,  
Both greater and the lesser kinds,  
Gathered in groups, and set in lanes;

In vain search we, to Heaven  
They were transplant' to charm the sight  
Of Angels there.

Within Eden's entrance was the small  
Rock-fountain Adam loved, not far  
Beyond, stored safe, sweet honey-hoard

In caches made by him  
Within the ground; the busy man  
Had right to rest.

So sound Adam slept, that all had passed  
Each to his place and statue-like  
Remained, like Burmahn idols carved



From tabreez-stone. Adam's herd,  
 With watchful eyes that turned toward him,  
 Stood guard.

The elipse complete, at farther end  
 An altar stood of stone; huge, vast,  
 Entire; a monolith scarred not  
     By human hands; there lay  
 Lilies of creamy hue, and white,  
 Like Easter flowers;  
 Pale roses, smooth of stem, blushing;  
 Chrysanthemums; of violets,  
 A fragrant, incense shedding cloud;  
     Spice-weed and ferns; on edge  
 Of rock these found a footing place  
 And seemed to thrive;  
 While, from its base, wild columbine  
 Sprang up,

    A plant designed in Heaven,  
 And thence transplant' by eagle's aid  
     To Earth. Such gard'ning done,  
 Aquila seemed to watch their growth  
 In nature's care.

Secure their earthly home, and growth  
 Assured, from out their shapely gold  
 And scarlet throats music came forth  
     From earth, by dainty stem  
 Conveyed. So still it was, we heard  
 The ferns bend down  
 To catch the sounds from out these flowrets  
 Spreading horns; sweet sounds from Heaven.

We held our breath in fear to miss  
     One note, for only then  
 Were they connected up by wires  
 Invisible.  
 Their golden throats resounding rang  
 With harmonies from Heaven afar,  
 And carried thence through endless space;  
     Seraphs the players were.

In time, ears trained will hear these tones  
 And learn Heaven's songs;  
 The bad then good will grow; that they  
 May onward follow to the source  
 Of perfect harmony.

Then first  
 Was felt the thrill which greets  
 Orchestral score, created by  
 A thinking mind;  
 Not nature's tuneful pipings, squacks  
 And roars; but all subdued to place  
 And harmonized in Heaven;  
 'Twas bliss  
 To hear; a glorious, hushed  
 Salute of honor; first to God,  
 Then Man, God's work.

\* \* \* \* \*

Stood all the beasts in place, nor moved  
 'Til music ceased, for sweet and clear  
 A love-song rose; Earth's love to God,  
 And Heaven's to God, and God's  
 To new-made Man, who lay asleep  
 Within his nest.

Out toward the monolithic stone  
 The largest of the stranger herd  
 Walked slow; something upon it lay  
 Which glistened white; and laced  
 About with strands as fine as spiders  
 Ever spin;  
 Amidst the filmy strands, wove in  
 And out were blossoming lotus, pink  
 And white; above, one lotus lay,  
 All gold at heart, petaled  
 With crimson hue; the sacred plant  
 Of Indes' land.  
 All wreathing, binding it in place,  
 A purple passion-vine entwined  
 Itself;

Within the wreathing vines  
 And milk-white swathing webs  
 Lay gentle Eve, in dreamless sleep's  
 Embrace enwrapped.  
 Beneath her head an Angel's folded  
 Wing, above her lay its mate,  
 Her form from rays of sun shielding,  
 Once more of use to her  
 Before its final dissolution, since  
 It was willed so.

God touched the Man to waken him,  
*This is thy mate—Man Adam—wake!*  
*Look! here's thy mate; loved Adam, live*

*And with her tend this place,*  
*Keep thou My law, and forget not*  
*Oh, son of Mine—*  
*I've given thee all thou needest here*  
*And made the earth so fair that thou*  
*Canst perfect be, nor think of sin.*

*Work then, and live; sinning*  
*Thou'lt die, and be shut out from Heaven,*  
*Away from Me.*

Then ceased the words; an influence sweet  
 Enthralled the Man beyond the power  
 Of simple words.

His elephant  
 Was courteous host alike  
 To Angel guest and waiting beast,  
 In place of Man.  
 Beside the stranger elephant  
 Stood Adam's faithful guard, nor did  
 It think but that its guest and Adam's

The other was, its look  
 Indifferent, tho' watchful it  
 Of child-like Man;

It served an unseen guide in all  
 Its ways with Adam, and came and went  
 According to command of that

Great Presence, which controlled  
Both them, and every living thing  
But mortal Man.

The Earth was made laws to obey  
Not made for Man; he was to have  
No laws save those to labor, and  
To love.

Heaven's walls'd enclosed  
An idler's paradise, hence un-  
Provoked revolt.  
The pit of Hell nothing contained  
Of love, nor were revolting souls  
Contented there.

A new Earth placed,  
How could Man's life be planned  
And simplified toward liberty  
And happiness?

Let Man be law; a perfect Man  
Could need no perfecting; could run  
In circle small for aye; while Earth,  
In circle not so strict,  
Would take the Man around, and tilt  
Him back and forth  
Within a circling year, to climes  
Untold; he could stand still, and have  
Variety. What use had Man

For laws? chance might account  
To him for everything, which he  
Himself wrought not.

Should man inquire, and search, some laws  
He'd find, binding material things;  
For self, no laws; could aught spoil such

A work? The plan'd been wrought  
With thought for child-like Man, who slept  
Like any child.

Unmindful lay he in his mat  
On elephant, asleep. At last

His spirit heard ; his body still  
 Engulfed in sluggish rest.  
 Beast Satan heard, "This Man's law was,  
 " 'Obey and work.' "

Man must obey without a thought  
 Or knowledge of result ;—save this,  
 That God would be displeased, and Heaven  
     Would be no place for him.  
 That God should wish a home where He  
 Could be at peace  
 Was far beyond the serpent's ken ;  
 He hoped Man would obey ; but cast  
 An anxious thought out toward the form  
     Which lay so closely swathed ;  
 Its coming moved torment anew  
 Within his heart.

One law had shut him out from Adam,  
 The law of kind ; 'til now they two  
 In loneliness were equals both ;  
     Far better so, than Adam  
 And Eve content, and he alone,  
 And in their sight.

"Adam not alone"?—his envy burned,  
 Again he vows forgot, his soul  
 Shuddered ; on that one chance alone  
     Could he gain Heaven ; he could  
 Find blessedness complete for him  
 As Adam's friend.

"What lay within those swathing folds?"  
 Quick ran his thoughts all knowledge through,  
 Experience to him had come  
     In line of "warriors, powers,  
 And principalities ;" not maids  
 In silk cocoon.

Should she prove precious, he with Adam  
 Could strive; and, conquering him, bear off  
 His mate.

A tree forbid grew near;  
 Around its base a screen  
 Of ferns and fennel grew, a safe  
 And near retreat.

Cast he a look toward Man, as one  
 In act to spring; he paused, then crouched  
 He low; and lying on the ground,  
     Amidst the ferns and flowers  
 That girt the great tree's base, he made  
 His silent way.

Then we forgot the slimy beast  
 Which lay beside the "knowledge-tree;"  
 Nor saw we him again 'til days  
     To weeks and months had run,  
 So still he lay that we drew near  
 The sleeping pair.

Observant, from the perfumed rock,  
 The Presence of the Lord saw all,  
 Himself invisible; then rose  
     Enchanting music's chords  
 From golden trumpet throats, to ears  
 Of Angel guests  
 Who raised their heads, surprised; the sounds  
 Familiar seemed; they were transmit'  
 To far off Earth, from Heaven direct,  
     By grounded circuit, through  
 The columbine; a perfect flower designed  
 For Paradise.  
 To make Earth Heaven, it nothing lacked;  
 God's presence; Angels; all that art  
 Could paint, or ear enjoy,—why wake  
     That drowsy Man? He seemed



The center of all interest  
To eye and thought.

\* \* \* \* \*

When God elects to be alone  
He draws angelic bounds, Himself  
Invisible.

Great storks from sky  
Descend', themselves adjust  
On ledge of rock, and nestle there  
Like little birds  
Beside the parent bird. Hushed were  
Our simple notes ; while high from out  
The aquilegia's horns loud tones  
Symphonious rose, tho' played  
In distant Heaven, and played to wake  
The dreaming Adam.

Of stranger herd of elephants  
One only there remained, and it  
The leader was, and bore a Queen  
To grace the waiting Earth.  
Adam's faithful guard, bearing the Man,  
Stood, with its mate ;

Of Adam's herd, all else had gone ;  
Each, passing by, had paired with one  
Of stranger herd ; they slowly paced  
In solemn march.

The white  
Beast's glitt'ring riders turned, each one,  
And looked toward Adam.  
The Angels passed the leafy gate  
Nor saw it once ; intent were they  
On Eden's bloom, and its one Man.

Full gently had great ropes  
Of bloss'ming vines swung down ; to their  
Fixed resting place  
They swung, and held the passage-way  
Secure.

The glitt'ring ones were shut  
 Without, to heavenly march which oft  
     They'd heard, and followed where  
 It called; their earthly steeds had heard,  
 And ordered march  
 In spite of them;

    They were shut out,  
 Those shining ones, but knew it was  
 A part of some wise plan. In thought  
     In Eden they lingered still;  
 Shut out, they felt at liberty  
 To roam at will;

They saw how planned was Earth, so placed  
 For Man's abode, that Angels e'en  
 Might be content, environed so;

    Man's limitations felt—  
 For Man must step, or creep, or jump—  
 Of upward flight incapable,—  
 They'd Angels be.

    Earth's freedom they'd  
 Enjoy, now their's it was; to Heaven

    Return content—unless, as now—  
 When earthward sent as choicest of  
 Heaven's messengers.

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

Within Eden's bounds two beings lay  
 Upon whose fate unmeasured woes  
 Or many joys for ages wait.

    Since then, no one can say  
 That God's to blame for aught, save once,  
 Or, maybe, thrice;

A message sent to Noah when  
 About the Earth to drown; He called  
 Forth Abraham, who would have lived

    His century, and three-  
 Score years and ten, without God's call;  
 He Angels sent  
 To warn; and gave men dreams; aside  
 From these,—

c c c  
 c c c  
 c c c



And the one time when from  
 His throne His Son went forth to save  
       What seemed to Him—the Son—  
 Such mighty loss of souls and lives ;  
 No record's given.

Since God then, made one soul to live  
 Upon this Earth, He lets all live,  
 And work with tremblings oft their own  
       Salvation out, unless  
 They take that offered through His Son ;  
 God's Man was Adam.

Unconscious Man slowly awaked  
 And turned himself, and looked ; what noise  
 Had him disturbed ; and, whispering low  
       Of coming joy—and him  
 Cursing—had gone away? Into  
 The sky he gazed,  
 It seemed the same ; but as he rose  
 He glanced around ; his dreaming must  
 Be true ; a garden strange he saw ;

      The tree was safe near which  
 His store of honey lay concealed,—  
 And rock-fountain ;

Amazed, he sat upright, and then—  
 Saw Eve, a white cocoon, all bound  
 About with swathing, filmy threads,  
       Milk-white, and strong ; held fast  
 By wreathing, purple-blossomed vines  
 Of passion-flower.



DOVE'S SONG TO THE PASSION  
VINE.



## SONG.

---

“O Passion-vine, so rough and blue,  
Dear Passion-vine, hold fast and true,  
Thy branches clasp a soul within,  
A soul which has no thought of sin.”

“Loved Passion-vine, could we, like thee  
Bind life and immortality,  
The blood-drops from our hearts we'd give  
To see thy pris'ner rise, and live.”

Upon his friendly, waiting beast  
Adam closer drew, to see within  
The chrysalis ;

From its rent side  
A bare, pink arm shone through  
Its web-like, spun-silk covering  
To greet his eyes ;

From the fair arm drooped, nerveless, a  
Slim wrist and hand ; a human hand  
Like his. At signal by Man given  
His elephant knelt down  
Beside the standing one.

Strange sight ;  
Adam stood, and stared ;  
A mortal hand ; a pinkish arm  
And wrist ; escaping from a rent  
Within a great cocoon ; as fair

And smooth as those from which  
 He'd seen emerge great butterflies  
 And brilliant moths.

He studied the small hand ; and clasped  
 It in his own firm hand. He saw  
 The covering Angel's wing, caught down  
     By slightest strands of film ;  
 He saw the wing was laid above  
 The cocoon's silk  
 And did not pass within, as did  
 The hand and arm.—My mate and I  
 Had left our nest and young alone,  
     That seeing,—we might see  
     And know Adam's every act, and word,  
 And very thought.

He placed Eve's hand in his, her wrist  
 He gently moved, and lifted it ;  
 He touched her arm ; with his cold hand  
     He snapped the thread that held  
 The covering Angel's wing in place ;  
 It fell to dust.

He heeded not, but looked where it  
 Had lain, and saw—Eve's gracious face,  
 Her quiet, sleeping face ; this then  
     Was real ; but not like his  
 The face ;—within the fountain's rim  
 He had learned his,  
 And oft had played at mirroring  
 Himself, to prove identity.  
 She could not fly away,—as did  
     The birds ; one wing was gone,  
 She could not fly with one alone ;  
 And then Adam smiled.

Her slender wrist lay still within  
 His hand,—warm now—his blood lagged not,

But shot throughout his veins like rays  
                     Of living fire. He was  
 Alone with her he had a legal  
 Right to love.

His waving hair fell to his feet—  
 His body veiled; it custom was  
 To him, when sought he sleep. He'd bound  
                     It fast with clematis  
 Which, like a well-wrought broidery,  
 A royal robe  
 For this first earthly princeling made.

He looked again, and caution came  
 To him; he thought how oft he'd all  
                     Too rough handled the homes  
 Of birds in trees, or e'en the silk  
 Of blossoms bright;

Eve's tranquil, breathing face was fair,  
 Compared with any flower he knew;  
 Close round her brow, serene and still,  
                     Curled rings of hair, like vine-  
 Tendrils, unlike was she to all  
 Beside himself.

Adam knew Eve's hand was warm; and in  
 Her wrist a throbbing stroke of life  
 Ebbd to and fro, like that his heart  
                     Sent running, coursing all  
 Throughout his veins; if he but dared  
 He'd rend the web.





SLEEPY MOCKING BIRD'S  
SONG.



## SONG.

---

"O, Adam, be content, hasten  
And go away ;  
What's hidden here, will keep 'til morn,  
It's come to stay.

Those heavy eyelids, weighted down,  
Have hid from view  
The learning of their loss of Heaven,  
Because of you.

Go, Adam, thou hast been asleep,  
And from thy side  
Enough of mortal clay hast lost  
To form thy bride.

Her soul is what she brought from Heaven,  
And that's asleep,  
Don't wake her, first of mortal Men,  
But silence keep."

We Doves, alarmed, thought of our nest  
And little birds therein ; the night  
Might fall, ere Adam had seen his mate ;  
We chirped and cried ; we ceased  
In fright, the Man had heard ; he raised  
His eyes in thought.

Eve's hand he clasped above his heart  
 In sweet contentedness ; unto  
 Fast setting sun his face he turned  
                     And raised his hand toward Heaven,  
 He God's self thanked for happiness  
 Almost complete ;

Besought his Father to remain  
 A Presence ever near, and prayed  
 Him help His Adam keep in mind  
                     His promises.

  A mid-  
 Day gleam of light on Adam shone  
 While gentle Man  
 Over himself the mastery  
 Of God's love felt,  
                     His hand rent then  
 The sheltering web, revealing her,  
 For him fit mate.

                    Adam looked ;  
 Then softly touched her wakeful, blushing,  
 Sleepy face.

EPILOGUE.



## EPILOGUE.

---

I fast was shut in dungeon's walls,  
A prisoner released from death;  
And then, released from blindness' thralls  
I listened there, with bated breath

To Palm Dove, spent with flying far,  
Which fell on window ledge, its "coo"  
Not that of other doves; through bar  
Of window grate it took; "Ya-hu."

"Ya-hu," its cry; "Oh God! oh God!"  
The meaning was, it fed with me,  
And slept beside mine head. Had rod  
Of gold blossomed, could word from God

Be sent by Dove again? "Release  
"Me God, from hence; the word of Dove  
"I'll then translate; it should speak 'Peace',  
"Man's raging hate toward Thee, to love

"Should turn; for all in sight that's now  
"Fresh from Thy hand, is beauty yet;  
"Nor Art, Science, nor thought from brow  
"Of man evolved, can e'er beget

"More than the ant, or bee, or flash  
"Of lightning wild, should ages since  
"Have taught to him. With Thee, no trash  
"Of wheat unsearched through is." The  
Prince

Of Peace was wise; that Earth was round,  
 It nothing was, to tell; the course  
 Of stars; Earth's poise in space, if found  
 In time would small use be; man's force

Too puny far, them to control.

He showed himself God's son, and said  
 "My Father does these works;" 'A soul  
 "That's saved, is worth the Earth, but  
 dead

"In sin;" 'I come to save;' 'Dost thou  
 "Love me?' My father will love thee  
 "And thou in city fair shalt bow  
 "In praise; 'Thy shining mansion see

"Where many mansions are.'" The Dove  
 Within my cell found rest; and I  
 Did talk with it; my spirit throve  
 As fed on Manna from the sky.

Released from care, shut out from friend,  
 No prison wall held me; in green  
 Valley I lived; flowers before me bent;  
 Within my flesh I walked unseen,

The I the Dove did recognize  
 As from my casement opened wide  
 It flew refreshed toward Paradise  
 Its mate to see, its Spirit Bride.







No. 9

*Privately printed. Edition limited to One  
Hundred and Twenty-five Volumes. Price,  
Twenty Dollars per Volume.*

*Purchased from*

*Received payment,*















LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 897 003 A